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In Memoriam--Miss Sallie McDowell.

The Story of a Beautiful Life.

"WELL done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord—into the full fellowship and glory of the Risen Christ." The life of Miss McDowell was rich in varied endowments. Wholly devoted to the service of Christ, she was translated to heaven in the twilight of April 14, 1906.

It is with sadness that we record the death of the second member of the Magazine Committee, of those who entered so heartily into the movement which resulted in the establishment of the Magazine. She was its first Secretary. To this work for twelve years she gave of her talents, her unstinted service and her means. She watched its growth with deep joy not unmixed with many anxieties. It is difficult to speak in brief terms of one so honored and loved. Though possessed of fine intellectual powers, and able to speak and write forcibly, it was not because of intellectual acumen only that she drew to herself dear and true friends. Her simplicity of character, her mental, moral and spiritual strength, rendered her an almost distinct type of womanhood.

Miss McDowell was reared in a home of unusual intelligence, one familiar with the leaders of the United Presbyterian church, where the traditions and principles of that denomination were held as sacred, and where everything that made for the prosperity of Zion was fostered. From that Christian home radiated holy influences that reached far and wide in our own land and across the sea. Few kept in touch by correspondence with absent friends, and especially the missionaries, as did she. As a result her years of invalidism were gladdened by frequent messages from them, among whom were many of the best known names in the church she dearly loved.

Who can estimate the value of the loving prayers, feeble in health though she was, for her old associates, for the dear missionaries in the field, for all the interests of the Master in the world. She could truthfully say, "I love thy kingdom, Lord."

It was her privilege to spend two years abroad, most of the time in Damascus, Syria, where her brother-in-law and sister, Dr. and Mrs. Patterson, were stationed as missionaries, where her instinctive passion for doing good found a genial sphere. Her great desire to teach the better way soon prompted her to do much among the children, the

happy results of which will be known only in that day when God makes up his jewels, and when many shall sit down with Christ in His kingdom.

At the close of the day this beautiful life ended, "to awaken in glory," to be forever with her beloved parents, for whose sweet companionship she had yearned every day, if not every hour, since their translation. Her devotion to their memory and example was most beautiful as well as constant.

He who wastes not the rain drops, the blade of grass, or the evening's sighing zephyr, but makes them all to carry out his eternal plan, has given immortality to the mortal and gathered to himself the sweet spirit of her who was our friend and co-worker. Can the thought be resisted that there are spheres of service of which we know not, and that in the economy of grace it is wise and good to transfer thither such fit vessels for the Master's wider use? In memory of the dear friend with whom in the other days it was strength to be with; in those to come it will be strength to remember, we say:

Thy day has come, not gone;
Thy sun has risen, not set;
Thy life is now beyond
The reach of pain or change—
Not ended, but begun.
Oh! noble, Oh! gentle heart.
Hail and farewell!"

MRS. W. C. HUTCHISON.

It is with sadness yet with pleasure that I give a few thoughts in memory of Miss Sallie McDowell. The writer of this article has known her from early chidhood, being her first teacher, when she was a very bright and beautiful child. Reared in a home where tender love and wise counsels prevailed she imbibed its atmosphere in both character and deportment, and by her glad and cheerful manner reflected that honor upon Christian parents that beautifies and adorns, not only her memory, but that of the household. She early professed allegiance to the Lord Jesus by making a public profession of her faith in the First United Presbyterian congregation of Xenia, Ohio. She made this profession intelligently, being well instructed in the doctrine of the Word, and ever careful to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour by her walk and conversation. Until her health failed she was an ardent worker in all the activities of the church.

She had abundant means at command, and her gifts to various causes were most beneficent and timely. Her gifts and kindnesses were bestowed without ostentation and with a quiet reserve that told of a heart that throbbed in response to generous promptings. She was a diligent and thoughtful reader, well acquainted with the Word of God and its doctrines, "that distill as the dew." A sufferer for a length of time she met it with a quiet, patient, unobstrusive restraint upon herself that spake rare Christian faith and courage. The joy during this period was the close companionship of her beloved and only sister, Mrs. Belle McDowell Patterson, who gave freely to the invalid sister of the wealth of her love and compassion. Miss McDowell kept up during her illness her interest in the church and the nation. Her mind being of a poetic cast she wielded her pen in that field. These sisters since the death of their honored father have lived together, following his good example and cultivating the gracious character of Mrs. Patterson's only son, Prof. Austin Patterson, to whom his aunt was devotedly attached.

Miss McDowell died as she lived, in the strong assurance of faith in Christ as her Redeemer. The end came suddenly at the last, yet she knew the time of her departure was at hand. Her last words were, "I shall awake in glory."—*Mrs. Nancy Hyslop Collins, in Christian Instructor.*

The publishers of the Magazine, and also of the Xenia Republican, having had appreciative relations with Miss McDowell from the inception of the Magazine, desire to add their tribute to the high esteem in which she was held in the community, as appeared in their publication of April 14.

Miss McDowell had been confined to her home for several years with nervous and asthmatic trouble rarely able to see her friends, but glad always to know of

their prosperity and well-being, and happy in each token of remembrance from them. So sunshiny was her influence, so sincere her life and words, that many who have not enjoyed the privlege of meeting her for years, feel a personal loss in her death, and realize that a dear friend has slipped from them. But how radiant the life into which she entered with so much joy and heart assurance. Always a devoted Christian her confinement to her home, her isolation from social circles, intensified the love and devotion of her rare and beautiful life, and the glory of the other world mingled in the sunshine that fell around her earthly home. So near to her were the dear ones gone before, of whom she loved to think and talk, that on Wednesday when physical strength failed and she knew that in a little while the joy and rapture of eternity would be her own, it was with heart ecstasy that she said, as she closed her eyes in sleep, "I shall awaken in glory" a glory of health, and of unending realization of all to which the heart aspires, a glory of love and reunion.

Of cultured mind, fond of the best literature, a fine linguist, rare musician, Miss McDowell, when in health, was always welcomed in social circles. But rarer, more beautiful flowers of memory can be laid upon her grave; for her kindness of heart, sympathy with the unfortunate, her Christ-like generosity, her reluctance to speak ill of any soul are the immortelles that crown the life to-day, earth's sweetest rarest blossoms. Unbounded sympathy is expressed for her sister, Mrs. Belle McDowell Patterson, whose devotion to the invalid was unceasing in tenderness and solicitude; her son, Prof. Austin Patterson, located at Springfield, Mass., came West to pay the last tribute of respect to his beloved aunt.

The funeral services were held in the First United Presbyterian church Saturday afternoon and a large number of friends gathered to show their regard and respect for the beautiful life that was closed to earthly ken.

Rev. S. E. Martin, pastor of the church, (of which Miss McDowell had been an earnest member for many years) had charge of the services, and was assisted by Rev. Ramsey and Dr. W. G. Moorehead, former pastors of the one stricken by death.

The services were touching and impressive, the speakers and all present realizing the loss that had come to the church and community.

Home Missions.

Home Missions and Denominational Growth.

By Alexander Gilchrist, Home Mission Secretary.

OUR Home Mission work is of such a nature that the results of it are constantly appearing in multiplied ways in the enlarged life and expanding work of the whole denomination. The workers in this vast field are, for the most part, seed-sowers, the fruits of whose labors are gathered in by the joyful harvesters who succeed them in the well organized, strong and self supporting congregations that have been developed from small beginnings. Thus in reality the life of Home Missions is continually losing itself in the divine process of spiritual germination and growth, in turn finding itself in the larger life of the entire church and the kingdom of Jesus Christ.

The ultimate aim in our Home Mission work is not merely to build up our denomination here or elsewhere, but the success of our work as a church depends upon the development of our numerical and financial strength. The one agency through which the extension of our church is almost wholly accomplished is

the organized work of Home Missions. In this way two-thirds of the congregations in this country have been established and built up. The number of congregations in America, according to the last report, is 947. Of these 612 are the product of Home Missions, having been planted or fostered by the Board. In later years, very few congregations have been started in any other way. It is worthy of note, also, that among the congregations thus established and developed are many of the largest and strongest in the denomination.

With two or three exceptions, all the congregations west of the Mississippi river are the result of Home Missions. It is safe to say that without the aid and fostering care of the Board few of these would have been established. Thus it will be seen that the extension and development of our Home Mission work almost entirely determines the limit of our denominational expansion and growth.

In this connection should be noted another extremely important and significant fact. The congregations that have been planted and developed through our organized Home Mission agency are contributing each year almost 80 per cent of all the money furnished by our church for the support of its entire missionary work at home and in the foreign field. The record of the past years show these facts which clearly indicate the wisdom and necessity of making larger provision for the promotion of United Presbyterian Home Missions in the years to come.

Problems Which Confront the Home Missionary.

By Rev. W. R. Leiper.

That the problems which confront the home missionary and the Board of Home Missions need to be understood is apparent at least to them; that they may have larger sympathy and fuller cooperation from that part of the church which is not technically styled "home mission."

An intelligent comprehension of the home mission work recognizes two classifications: the *special* and the *general*. The special having reference to the newer and more difficult undertakings which are directly under the supervision of the Board, and the general, or that which is more in particular under the supervision of the presbytery and committee of missions. It is the first of these two divisions of work which demands particular attention; for the farther the once special work gets from the supervision of the Board the nearer it comes to being identified with the self-supporting work of the church.

To be further considerate we must recognize different types of special undertakings. There is the distinct mission work, which may be styled pioneer in a new territory where the mission congregation starts out with all other institutions of the new community, as in Oklahoma and Indian Territory. Then there is the suburban missions, located in the resident portion of a city which already has a central congregation, near the business center of the city, such as found in Philadelphia, Dayton 2nd mission, etc. Then there is the mission in the city where all other churches already have a lead, which must necessarily be established at some central point from which all the city can be reached; as Wilmington, Del., or St. Joseph, Mo., Each of these types demands considerations on their own account. The discussion of this topic is to throw light on the undertakings in hand and to encourage a larger sympathy for every new mission enterprise. Just in proportion as the church appreciates the problems of the Home Mission Board, and of the Home Mission pastor, will the people recognize the worth of the work. Comparisons are not always just; but the home mission pastor has not received the recognition which his merits deserve. That he has, for the most part, been regarded as occupying a place of secondary importance as compared with well equipped congregations has been universally experienced by the home mis-

sionary. Dr. Wm. J. Dawson, in a missionary address, says: "The greatest of all missionaries to the heathen may prove to be the home missionary who never leaves his native land. A converted American means nothing less than a converted world. O Lord, give America to Christ, and behold the heathen shall be his heritage and the uttermost part of the earth his possesion."

St. Joseph, Mo.

A Plea for Home Missions.

The work of Home Missions demands and should receive for its own sake, the support of every lover of his country and his Lord. Of all the objects which appeal to Christian hearts there is surely none more important than that of carrying the gospel to the destitute and neglected of our own land. Upon the prosecution of Home Missions the future welfare of our country very largely depends. The character of the coming American citizen, the growth and efficiency of our denomination, and the extension of the Christ, are all involved in this great enterprise. Duty and interest unite in impelling us to do our utmost to win our whole land to Christ.

Oh! that the earnest plea for help in bringing our home land to be truly Christian might sound with terrific appeal in the ear of every Christian throughout our land until every heart would respond, "Here am I, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

"Shall we with-hold from a full supply?
Shall we not heed that others die?
Shall we not give of means and mind
The hungry to feed, the lost to find?
A call is now sounding for you and for me,
Not only from nations far over the sea,
But it comes from the lands that lie at our feet,
It comes from the sinful we pass on the street,
It comes from the homes of want and of woe,
It comes to our ears,—wherever we go,
O hear! The Master is calling."

E. G. BAILEY, Dayton, O.

Experiences in Home Mission Work.

BY C.———, Bellevue, Pa.

Few persons in old and established congregations can fully realize or appreciate the multitude of trials and difficulties that are constantly met by those engaged in building up Home Missions churches. Months and years of earnest, consecrated, energetic Christian effort must often be given by the home missionary and his band of workers before any large degree of success has been attained and the mission permanently established. The Home Mission church is frequently far distant from any other sister church of the same denomination, and thus experiences a lonesomeness and lack of sympathy that means so much to those in charge.

In the Home Mission church the necessities of the work and the limited number of workers demand the largest possible service from every available source. The greatest opportunities are thus afforded for the development of all the latent resources in the membership. The worker with even a moderate degree of talent or ability is called upon to assist in the choir, teach in the Sabbath-school, take part in the prayer-meeting, visit the sick and homes in the neighborhood, lead the missionary society, arrange social affairs and engage in any or every effort to promote the work.

Young people are largely in the majority in home mission congregations with which I have been affiliated. This is a source of weakness as well as a tower of strength.

Weakness because of lack of experience in Christian service; a strength for the future because of the wide opportunities for the development of Christian life and character through active service in the cause of the Master and the building up of His kingdom. Their training teaches them to take advantage of every opportunity that presents itself. Work in the Sabbath-school, or among the children is often hindered by lack of interest or encouragement in the home, yet these children must be reached in order that the parents may be brought to Christ.

Success in Home Missions requires indomitable energy, persistence and

courage, unbounded hope and faith on the part of the workers in the field, and the hearty interest, sympathy and prayers of the church at large.

Environment.

By Rev. Albert Gordon.

Environment must furnish to each one his own problems. The United Presbyterian home missionary usually finds scant knowledge of his church among the people around his new home. He must introduce his church and secure for it the place which it merits among evangelizing forces. Often prejudice against the church has preceded his coming, or is aroused by the jealous or ill-informed against the new-comer. This must be broken down. Sometimes ex-United Presbyterians, and even members, are ashamed of the church at the time of the beginnings, when they are "but a few men in number, yea, very few, and strangers" in the land. The peculiar disheartenment that comes to the little flock under such circumstances must be overcome.

The founding and organizing the different departments of the work, the securing of location and plans and funds for the church building, attention to legal questions pertaining to the organization or the property, furnish problems in the new enterprise which must be worked out often with but few to share the responsibility.

At times the necessity of giving personal attention to every detail, including the doing of the work of the janitor, leading the singing, preaching, teaching a class and superintending the Sabbath-school, filling an appointment out of town in the afternoon, and conducting evening services—all the same day—will furnish the home missionary a few problems relating to himself which happily do not confront the pastor of a self-supporting congregation.

Toledo, Ohio.

The Strangers at Our Doors.

By Rev. J. R. Miller, Editor Christian Union Herald.

ONE of the great problems with which the church of the coming generation must grapple is its obligations to the foreign-born population in our own country. What ever restrictions upon immigration Congress may fix there will doubtless continue to be a mighty stream of aliens flowing to our shores year by year. Last year their number reached the million mark, adding to the already large proportion of foreigners in our midst.

What shall we do with this vast and ever-increasing population from abroad? American citizens are crying out, like the disciples in the desert, "Send the multitudes away." Is not the Master replying, "Give ye them to eat." If Paul felt that he was debtor both to Greeks and to barbarians, much more should we realize our obligation to give the Gospel to the barbarians at our doors. We owe it to our own country so to do. If we do not sow among them Gospel truth they will sow among us the noxious seeds of socialism, anarchy and ruin. We owe it especially to these benighted fellow-beings themselves. Even in the days of the restrictive Mosaic dispensation God's message to His people was, "A stranger shalt thou not oppress; for ye know the heart of a stranger, seeing ye were strangers in the land of Egypt." If we fail to communicate the bread of life to the aliens at our doors how shall we face Him who will say to the unfaithful ones, I was a stranger and ye took Me not in?"

For several years there has been an increasing interest in our own church in this branch of Christian effort. It is an

encouraging sign that so many are inquiring, "What can we do to help communicate the word of life to benighted souls belonging to this class of our population?" Already beginnings have been made in several centers which promise well for the future. We should not despise the day of small things. If I do not misread present signs, the church of the next quarter century will recognize its obligation to these foreigners at our doors as in no way secondary in interest to the heathen population in far-away lands.

What has the United Presbyterian Church accomplished in this direction? First of all we must mention the work done among French-speaking peoples in the vicinity of McDonald, Pa., Missionary work among the French-Belgians of that community was begun by Rev. W. D. Irons, D. D., a full quarter century ago. By such means as only a heart on fire with love could devise he began to sow the seeds of Gospel truth, first in the hearts of the children, then through them reaching their parents, until many were gathered into the Sabbath-school and church. and eventually a French-speaking congregation was organized with their own house of worship and their own pastor, and with a membership exceeding one hundred. The present missionary is Rev. Henry Garrou, a Waldensian by birth, having been educated at Florence, Italy, Berlin and Edinburgh, and is a man of special ability. Meetings are held by him at Midway and Primrose and other centers. It is estimated that fully 2500 French-speaking people come directly under the influence of the mission which he directs.

A very encouraging work has also been begun among the Italians in Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio. This work was begun some six years ago in Pittsburg by Mr. H, G. Edgar, now of Colfax, Wash. From the beginning this work was under the care of the women of Monongahela Presbytery. On New Years day 1902, Mr. J. B. Fortunato took up this work, in which an encouraging beginning had been made, and has continued it to the present time with very encouraging results. As is generally known to your readers, Mr. Fortunato was destined for the priesthood in Italy, but rebelling against its exactions, came to America, was converted to Protestantism at Scranton, Pa., received a theological course in our Allegheny Theological Seminary, at the same time continuing to labor among his countrymen. A mission congregation has been organized under the care of the session of the Third United Presbyterian Church of Pittsburg.

Its present membership is about sixty, although since the organization of the mission fully twice that number have been received into church membership. But owing to the migrating habits of these, and other foreign people, the present enrollment is as given above. In connection with this mission many branches of effort are carried forward—Sabbath-school, Christian Endeavor Society, a Violet Cross Society, an Industrial school, etc. The meetings are held in the old Third Presbyterian church, but as they are tenants at will the securing of new quarters is an absolute necessity. It is estimated that there are 50,000 Italians in Allegheny County. Of these the larger number are in the vicinity of lower Webster and Sixth Avenues, but there are large colonies also in Brushton, Bloomfield, South Side and other sections of the city.

Work has been begun among the Italians in numerous other centers—Brushton and Bloomfield, Pittsburg; Butler, Pa.; Carnegie, Pa.; Treveskyn, Pa.; Steubenville, Ohio, and other localities of which we have no present knowledge. At each of these places an encouraging beginning has been made and an ever increasing number are receiving Gospel instruction; numerous confessions have been reported, and the interest in the work seems to be continually increasing. The limitations of the present article will

not permit us to speak in detail of the workers and the work at these several centers.

Initiatory efforts have also been made by the women of Allegheny presbytery among the Croatians and Ruthinians of that city. Besides these interesting and important beginnings, some efforts have been put forth during recent years among the Poles, of whom it is estimated there are from one million and a half to two million in this country. Some eight years ago a Bible class was carried forward with encouraging results. Through lack of necessary workers these efforts have been for the present discontinued. Considerable efforts are still being put forth in the way of circulating evangelical literature among these people. A monthly paper, called "Slowa Zywota," "Words of Life," is edited and published, the means necessary for this work largely furnished by the Young People's Christian Unions of Beaver Valley, Allegheny, Monongahela and Westmoreland Presbyteries. The paper circulates in not less than twenty states and provinces of the United States and Canada, a number of copies being also sent back to Polish centers in the old world. This work is truly a casting of bread upon the waters, but it is carried forward in the hope that it shall be gathered again, though it be after many days. Our great need is a consecrated thoroughly furnished Christian worker who can speak to those people in their own tongue. One or two such workers are possibly available at the present time, but there are no funds in sight with which to support even one such laborer.

Pittsburg, Pa.

The Croatians.

The "Croatians" come from Austria-Hungary. Hazell's Annual for 1905 gives their number in Hungary alone as 1,655,000. Agriculture and mining are their chief occupations. In their home-land they are greaty burdened by high taxes, and financial oppression is the chief cause of their emigrating to our shores. In religion they are one of the Pope's flocks, being Catholics of the Latin rite. By birth they belong to the Slavic race and they speak the same language as the people in the little Kingdom of Servia. They use the Latin alphabet, with some changes to express purely Slavic sounds. Until recently the education of the youth was almost entirely neglected, and on this account 10 per cent. of the Croatians are illiterate. Generally speaking they are a superstitious people and cling tenaciously to the outward forms of the Roman Catholic church. There are no evangelical missions among the Croatians; the British Bible Society has colporteurs canvassing the country with the Holy Scriptures in the vernacular.

Only the poorest of the Croatians come to this country. Many of them expect to make this their home permanently, others come here to make money, hoping that some day they will be able to return to the old country. Almost without exception they are laborers, working in factories, mines and in bridge and railroad construction. They live in squalor; as a rule they come here without their families. Only 14 per cent of their numbers are women and they are perfect slaves. In most of the homes there are, besides the family, eight or ten boarders, crowded together in three or four rooms. As many as nineteen men have been known to live in one small house and be waited upon by one poor little woman. The Croatians are given to whisky and beer drinking. Many of them spend more for drink than they do for board, but in this respect they are not unlike many other foreigners in this country of ours.

Missionary work among the Croatians, to say the least, does not look very promising The main difficulty is experienced in securing persons who can speak their language Within 25 miles of Pittsburg. there are 16,500 Croatians More than 50 per cent of all who come to Western Pennsylvania. In the United States there are 192,500 In Allegheny Croatians are living on East Ohio Street,

mostly from 1442 to 1800; on Main street, near the Heinz Pickle factory on Sam Alley, and on River Avenue, and in the Woods Run district, those on East Ohio Street being the majority.

Mr. Thistoff, who labored among them last year, reports that he was not admitted to many of their homes. Their rooms, he says, are very dirty and crowded. The least number of inmates he found was six in two small rooms. The men are nearly all at work during the day and can be visited only from 5:30 to 8:30 p. m. Those who work during the night sleep during the day and do not wish to be disturbed by any one. A city missionary who calls at one of the homes during the absence of the men is likely to have his motives for calling misinterpreted, because the morality of the people is so low. There are not many children among the Croatians living here, as most of the people are workingmen without families. The children who are there, and are old enough, are in the public schools., but their parents do not allow them to attend Sabbath-school; they must go to the priest on Sabbath to learn Croatian prayers. There is a Roman Catholic church on East Ohio Street, attended by a few Croatians mostly women. The Croatians in our midst have many needs of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Humanly speaking, missionary work among this class seems a hopeless task, since they are ignorant, superstitious, morally degraded, given to strong drink and accustomed to environments the mere contemplation of which would make one shudder.

It seems that the churches of America have neglected the Croatians. The work among them cannot be said to have amounted to much, being yet in its infancy, but let us hope that it will be matured by the prayers, contributions, and earnest efforts of God 's people. Surely all obstacles will be overcome, and this poor benighted people will in time accept the offer of salvation, since the Master who gave the command to preach the gospel to every creatures pledged his support by adding, "Lo, I am with you always , even unto the end of the world."

ALLEGHENY COMMITTEE.

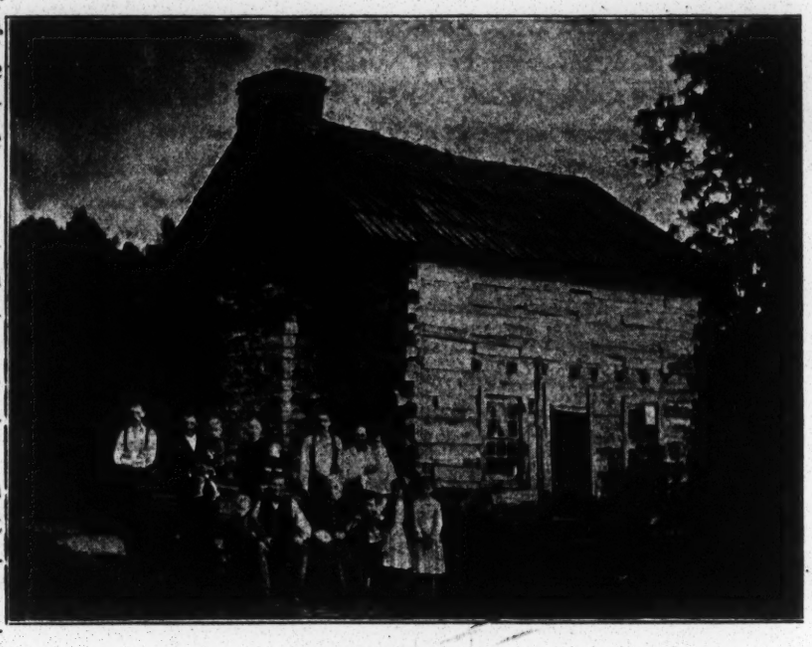
Our New Mission Among the Mountaineers of the South.

THE people commonly known as the Mountaineers of the South are one of the most interesting and deplorably needy of the exceptional populations in this country. As the name applied to them would indicate they are the inhabitants of the mountain districts of the South. The territory occupied by them is the southwestern part of the Appalachian system, principally in the states of West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and North Carolinta. This rugged region where these people dwell is about five hundred miles in length and fifty miles wide. It has a population of almost three millions.

About one-third of these people live on the lower levels of the country and along river banks where they are able to have some of the advantages and comforts of civilization. They are called by their neighbors "valley folk." But the great majority , some two millions, live far back and up in the mountains, entirely removed from civilization, and their condition in every respect is extremely pathetic and appealing.

Their houses are log cabins of only one room, about fifteen by twenty, feet having no windows and only one door. In this single and rude apartment live the entire family which is nearly

always large. Their homes, if such their places of abode can be called, everywhere present a scene of extreme poverty. A rough table, a few rude chairs and some mattresses constitute the furniture. An iron stew-pot a tea-kettle and some coarse crockery make up the supply of kitchen utensils.



A Mountain Home.
Did your Great-Grandfather's Home look like this?
Courtesy Berea College.

These people obtain a living by the simplest and crudest sort of farming and by hunting. The men, dress in home-spun and home-made clothes, and most of the work is done by the women and children, the same as among all other uncivilized people. The women wear cheap print dresses and the children go half-clothed and poorly fed.

These mountaineers are the descendants of Scotch-Irish Presbyterian ancestors who came from Northern Ireland, fleeing from English tyranny and persecution in the early part of the eighteenth century They settled first, principally, in Pennsylvania and the mountain regions of Virginia and the Carolinas, later push ing on into Kentucky and Tennessee.

The degeneracy of these people, descended from such sturdy stock, is explained chiefly by the Revolutionary war and slavery. By the former they were reduced to sore straits and withdrew into the desolate mountain districts to find home and enjoy peace. Conscientiously opposed to slavery, and by it deprived of the opportunity to make a living by the labor of their hands., those who remain in slavery districts followed their fellows back into the mountain fastnesses. There, without schools or churches or books, and having almost no industrial opportunities, they speedily lapsed into idleness, ignorance, poverty and vice, each succeeding generation becoming worse than the preceding ones. It is this dreadful condition that appeals to the Christian church in this land to go to these lost sheep of the house of Israel, restore to them the privilges and blessings of the Gospel and free them from their awful bondage in sin, ignorance and depravity. They are a sadly neglected class, very few of them having even the opportunity to hear the Gospel. But they are eager for knowledge and they respond readily to Christian effort in their behalf. For obvious reasons our church should feel a special interest in these people. The ties of kindred should draw us and bind us to them. The description given of the people of Northern Ireland by Dr. Guthrie fits this people "They have Scotch faces, Scotch names, Scotch affections and Scotch kindness.' But the overmastering consideration is their appalling social, moral and spiritual condition, which calls for the enlightment and uplifting power of the Gospel. The Board of Home Missions of our church has engaged two missionaries to begin this work, Mr. Moses Hay and his sister, Miss Georgia Hay, who are

members of our church in West Chester, Iowa. They have had a good deal of experience in personal evangelistic work and both have taken a course of training in the Moody Institute, Chicago. They offer themselves in zealous devotion to this work, and as the heroic pioneers of our church in this new missionary enterprise, they should have the heartiest sympathy and support of the church in their noble undertaking.

Investigation is being made preparatory to the selection of a field. The work will be started in an entirely destitute section. The plan is to take up at first purely evangelistic work, starting Sabbath-schools and Gospel meetings and conducting Bible readings. Later the work will be extended and additional workers sent out. As the work progresses and the way opens, the expectation is to take up school work, which stands next in importance to the specific work of preaching the Gospel.

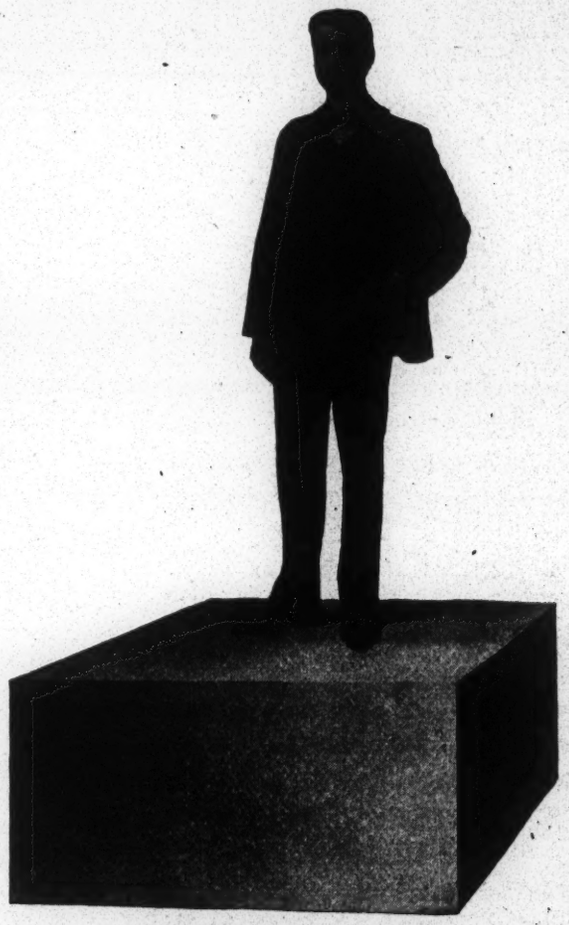
We regard the arrangement with Mr. Hay and his sister a very fortunate one as they can establish a home of their own, and both be free to engage in missionary work. It is a difficult work that these missionaries undertake and one that will involve great self- sacrifice on their part, but it is a most needful and Christ-like undertaking., and every friend of missions in our church will wish them abundant blessing and success in their efforts to uplift the perishing millions of Mountaineers.

ALEXANDER GILCHRIST, SECY.

A Discovery in Men.

The Southern mountains contain a population which has been thus far overlooked or misunderstood, but which is really capable of bringing substantial reinforcement to the better elements of the nation.

It will be surprising to any person to consider how vast a territory there is in the central portion of the Southern States from which we hear comparatively nothing . We often hear something regarding the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia the Carolinas, and the Virginias, but we seldom hear anything about the mountainous ends of those States. And these mountain ends bunched together constitute an inland empire of majestic proportions. We have ventured to give a name to this natural grand division of our continent. "Appalachian America." This region has pretty dis-



Courtesy of Berea Quarterly.
The New York State boy stands on a good foundation, $2,661 taxable property for each child.
This picture and the one on the following page shows the need of the mountain people,

tinct boundary, and comprises the mountainous territory of the States above named, which, while exhibiting great varieties of elevation, surface and climate, has quite distinguishing characteristics —especially this, that it is a land difficult to travel. Whoever lives anywhere in the interior of Appalachian America, has to contend with unusual obstacles in keeping up communication with the outside world. It is a region without seacoast or bay, without inland lake or navigable stream, without the possibility of canals. This meant that until the inven-

tion of the locomotive this region was without the common avenues of commerce, which up to that time were avenues by water. The railroad itself can only be constructed in this region at enormous cost. The same is true of turnpikes, and neither railroads nor turnpikes have as yet made appreciable inroads on this vast territory, which may properly be designated as a land of saddle bags.

When we do hear of the people inhabiting this region the things reported are unfortunately mostly of a discreditable nature. We hear of homocides, "killings," as they are called in the mountains, and we hear of "moonshine stills." And when we see the inhabitants, when we catch some glimpse of their rude cabins and their neglected garb, the first impulse is to class them under the frank but opprobrious term of "poor whites."

But in these people Berea College has discovered values and possibilities which are of largest importance to the nation. Looking, not at their garb, but at their faces, we shall find a strength and regularity of feature which by no means belong with squalor or degradation. On coming into conversation and winning their confidence, we shall find their unusual speech sparkling with the sense and crude wisdom which betokens intellectual vitality. Analyzing the peculiarities of their dialect, we find the key to their situation—their speech differs from ours in containing many survivals of Anglo-Saxon times. They are a people living as our great-grandfathers lived. Shut in their mountains they have kept up in surprising measure the customs, speech and thought of the colonial days.

We find illiterate households in which the mothers and daughters can repeat the ballads which were popular in the mother-country centuries ago; "Barbara Allen" as a love song, with its yew tree to remind us of Old England; "Little Lord Hugh" as a reminiscence of the time when Jews were regarded with superstitious fear;, and "The Turkish Lady" as a memento of crusading times. It is highly edifying to a mountaineer playing the part of an Homeric raphsodist and chanting these old ballads, stopping for an occasional word of explanation: "Stranger, a steed means a hoss critter, I reckon!"

These precious heirlooms plainly show that our mountain friends are of our own kindred, and that their ancestors once shared the blessed influences of civilization in the British Isles. Their speech is not then a degradation, but a survival, and we shall find the same true of many of their customs.

And the patterns of their bed covers and linen weaving are in many cases the same which survive in the family heirlooms of New England.

The great thing then is that we have a vast population of native Americans. Protestant, patriotic, robust, who only need guidance and education to become a re-inforcement to our best native stock.

This small block shows the narrow chances of a mountain boy—only $248 taxable property for each child. (Photo of a real boy as he arrived in Berea on foot.) Courtesy Berea Quarterly.

It is a great problem in pedagogics and statemanship to determine how such a people may be best assisted in catching step with the world. It is not enough to say that they must have educational opportuunities. They must have education of the right sort, and that education must be explained and interpreted, and placed within the reach of their thought and their means.

It is our aim above all things to bring the mountain people into a position where they can help themselves. The outside

assistance which comes to them must be indeed faithful and continued for a considerable time, but it is not be perpetual.

We are to improve conditions of life in the mountain region. Our aim is not to impose upon them the ways of living which belong to other localities, or to plant among them an alien civilization, but rather to develop what is best in their own customs and institutions. Our training is not to lead their young people into the competition of city life, but to show them how they can best live under the conditions which exist in the mountains.

While we are facing the problem of the incoming of foreigners it is cheering to find this sturdy, patriotic American people who naturally belong to us, and who by a little kindly guidance can be set in the highway of progress and made a most important re-inforcement of the better elements of the nation. It is a discovery in men.

And so the total impression is that of a country struggling toward the light, a people who will use with anxious gratitude each guiding thought put in their way; who will crowd a mountain courthouse for a sermon or a discourse on education—in fact, the people who are doing to-day what our great-grandfathers did in the days we are proud to commemorate when pioneer work was on in New York and New England.—*Extracts from Berea Quarterly.*

Characteristics.

To answer the question What are the characteristics of the people? would require pages of manuscript, and answers from different localities would differ, as the mountaineers are by no means alike in different sections. No doubt each community retains in a measure the influence of the first settlers. If these were men and women of high character the fact reveals itself in its generation. The idea that the pioneers of some of these mountains were not of the strongest type is doubtless correct. Later additions have been of a similar material, and have served to accentuate original characteristics. Physical and moral surroundings have not been favorable to the develop ment of the highest types of manhood and womanhood. The dark shadows of rugged hills seem to have fallen heavily over the lives of the inhabitants. The exposed life and unfavorable conditions have told upon the health of the mountaineer, and he is not so vigorous as his brother of the plain. Hand in hand with this has gone decline in morals. This is especially marked in the character of the women. But with all his faults, and he is abundantly supplied with them, the mountaineer is hospitable, brave, patriotic, generous, tender-hearted, religious in his way, a believer in the Bible, strongly Protestant, open to conviction, ready to make improvement when he sees it to be for the better, and above all he is attached to his mountain home and resents anything that seems to reflect upon his country.—*Ex.*

Life Among the Ignorant.

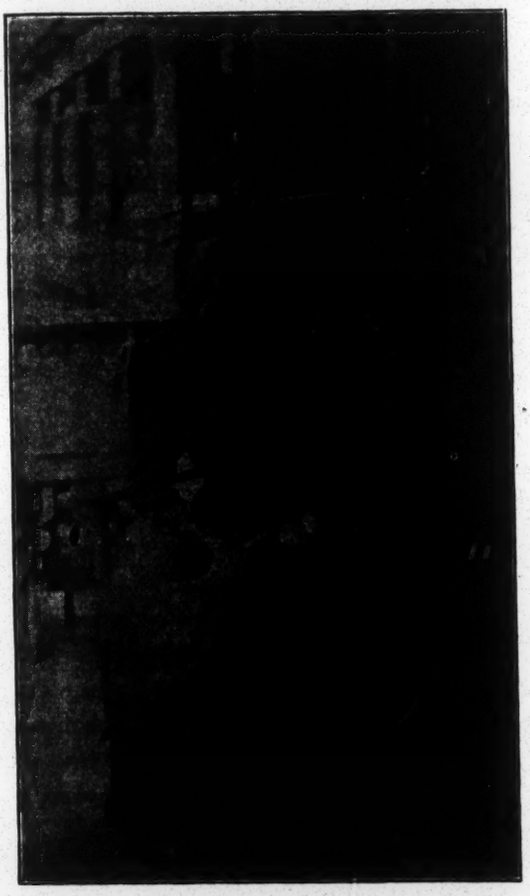
By Rev. P. Maxian Simms.

The importance of the subject and our interest in it would have warranted a much larger space. This is not done to unneccssarily lay bare peculiarities and needs, but in the hope of giving information and creating an interest in these unfortunate neighbors whose native intelligence and latent powers need the stimulus of christian help and education.—Eds.

AN AMUSING story is told of two missionaries among the mountain people of the South. They rode up to a little log cabin and called. An elderly lady in bare feet, for it was warm weather, came to the door. "Is your husband at home?" inquired one of the missionaries. "No," replied the woman. "Well," said one of the men, "does your husband fear the Lord?" "I guess he does," said the woman, "he takes his gun everywhere he goes." Changing the subject the missionary asked, "Are there any Methodists or Presbyterians in this country?' "Well, there is a great many varmints around," said the woman; "you kin go to the back of the house where my man keeps his hides and look; mebbe you'll find some." Rather nonplused the missionary ventured to ask, "you are rather in the dark in these mountains are you not?" "Yes," replied the woman, "I told Jeems last Friday he oughter cut a winder in the back of the house." Whether true or not the story fittingly illustrates the ignorance of the typical mountaineer.

For some years it was the writer's privilege to work occasionally among these people. In the presbytery of which he became a member there were twelve counties. In the county seat of three or four of these counties there was not a church of any denomination. These towns sometimes had fifteen hundred souls. The Mormons find it a fruitful field. The mountaineer will make moonshine whisky and drink it; they will fight, cut and shoot, but they are patriotic and loyal to their ideals. In their way they are a noble people.

The writer once attended the meeting of his Presbytery in a little log house, some thirty miles from any railroad. Over roads and streams well-nigh impassable because of recent rains, the place was reached. The log house did duty for school and church purposes. Two bitter factions quarrelled over the use of the



A Typical Mountaineer.

house. A year later some party to the feud burned it to end the strife, or to spite the opposition. Men, women, children and dogs came from every direction and for many miles—farm wagons loaded with from twelve to twenty people; women on horseback; women on mules and with children behind them, sometimes a second and smaller child in front. Many walked, having no other way to attend. Sweethearts all played hands. Their dress, women's dress, women's

hats—it would require three women to describe. Dinner during Presbytery was served on long tables temporarily arranged. The women ate on one side, the men on the other. It was improper for either to cross to the other side. Dinner, always cold of course, consisted principally of boiled bacon sides, turnip greens, string beans and cabbage, all boiled in grease, and corn bread and sweet bread. Corn bread was baked in "dodgers," nine by six inches and three inches thick in the middle. Sweetbread was made of dark flour and sorghum. The well-to-do had a few biscuits, black and soggy, which might have been used to knock a man down. Occasionally might be seen a fried chicken or a piece of beef, and "half-moon" pies graced every feast. Once during Presbytery an effort at a real cake appeared, but you would not have recognized it as such elsewhere. A fairly good ginger cake broke the monotony now and then. All ate with a relish, except the few "dudes" from town, who did not happen to have ostrich stomachs.

A protracted meeting was to follow Presbytery which would close on Saturday. The writer was induced to remain and preach Sabbath morning and evening, with a promise that he should be sent to the railroad Monday morning. This necessitated an expense to them of $2. Sabbath morning everybody within several miles came to hear "the big preacher from town." It was communion day. In front of the wide standing doors and about every window outside stood large crowds, hungry souls, heads upturned and mouths wide open. They drank the sermon like parched ground takes the rain. The communion was given. The service was ready to close. But not yet; the people must have an opportunity to show their appreciation for a sermon from a preacher from "town." From six to eight women, most of whom had to empty their mouths of toothbrush and snuff or a quid of tobacco, took the floor for a prolonged shout. They ran all over the crowded house, staggering some people as they beat them on the back. They cried, yelled, shrieked, fainted. At last they sank down out of sheer exhaustion. Their places were instantly taken by others waiting for the glorious opportunity. They repeated what had gone before. This continued until some thirty had thus performed their duty. A few men shouted. When quiet was restored we were ready to pronounce the benediction, but an officer of the church arose. They must raise money to get the preacher to the railroad station. He knew they would need all everybody could be induced to give. He made a glowing speech. An offering was made, and they had one dollar and eighty cents! After the service a good lady lavishly blessed the preacher with her good words, and slipped into his hands twenty-five cents, which was, perhaps, the largest gift made. Nearly everybody was delighted; a few were disappointed. One man was heard to say: "That is no big preacher; you can't fool me; I understood every word he said."

The protracted meeting following Presbytery was held by a mountain preacher—a good man. For ten days people came morning and evening, came in large crowds. Following the sermon penitents flocked to the altar. Some of them mourned for days, cried and begged for mercy most piteously. Others soon found relief. Many of them had "professed religion" the year before; not a few were church members. In fact many of them had "professed religion" at the annual protracted meeting for years. They shouted long and loud. They must make hay while the sun shines. When the meeting is over many of them will have other matters to engage their attention; while they are religious they must not slight the job. For many of them one such religious debauch a year atoned for all misdeeds between times, if indeed atonement was necessary.

These people are suspicious of all strangers, especially if they are educated

and come from "town." It usually requires a long time to get into their good graces, so as to take part in their counsels. It took the writer nearly three years to get into the confidence of his Presbytery, meeting twice a year. He soon found that anything he proposed was voted down for the very good reason that he proposed it. The Presbytery was financially involved. The writer was trusted with a place on the finance committee. He saw no way out except to propose an increase of the annual Presbyterial tax, for each church member, from ten to fifteen cents. This proposition was fought for hours and most vigorously. Temperance, Sabbath observance, systematic beneficence, the state of religion—none of these things provoked half so much oratory. The people would pay nothing if so heavy a tax was imposed, said the orators. It had now been nearly three years since the writer came into the Presbytery, and he was getting into the good graces of not a few. We plead for the fifteen cents. We were winning; everybody could see it. The opposition saw that something must be done at once. Their leader rose: "Mr. Moderator," said he, "I want to ask Bro. —— one question. Can I do it?" Instantly I replied: "Yes." "Well," said he, "I know the people wont pay fifteen cents; they will pay ten; when you raise it they will pay nothing. What will you do with them when they refuse?" Without hesitation I replied: "That is easy enough. We will love them till they will be so ashamed of themselves that they will not only bring the fifteen cents but interest for the time they have kept it." The leader dropped like he was shot. The fight was won. That night the writer walked two miles to preach for an invalid that had not walked for fifteen years. He invited the leader of the opposition to go with him. The service was precious; my companion being very emotional shouted. On our return he said: "Brother ——, do you know what I wanted you to say to-day when I asked you what you would do when the churches refused to pay that fifteen cents?" I replied: "I'm sure I do not unless you wanted me to say what we would do." "I wanted you," said he, "to say that you would make them pay. Then I would have fought you to the last ditch. But your answer just killed me; I couldn't say another word." Then he volunteered to tell what I already knew—how the Presbytery had distrusted me, how they had voted down anything I proposed. Finally he said: "Now we are for you; we find you are made of the same stuff we are."

Items and Incidents.

With the mountain district school open but two or three months of the year, the teachers but poorly educated and the pupils almost without books, it is perhaps no wonder that some pupils from fifteen to sixteen years were greatly astonished at statements of the Presbyterian teacher who had just come among them, and that they insisted "that the world don't turn over, 'cause if it did we uns u'd fall off."

The shrewd penetration and apt analysis which frequently charactersizes the speech of the mountaineer is often shared by the children as well. Miss Stephenson of the Home Industrial at Asheville, N. C., quotes a small boy who gave this description of a mountain preacher's sermon, which he said had three heads. "Firstly, he done tuck a tex'; secondly, he done lef' it; thirdly, he never done got back to it.'

WHO WOULD THINK IT?—"Call Tommy. He's eleven, and never has heard anybody pray" said the mother to a missionary in the mountains of the South; and a boy of seventeen had not heard of the death of Jesus. The missionary found in one family five children of from two to thirteen years.; not one member of this family could read. None of the children had any idea of God nor of Jesus Christ. They did not know the name of the pres-

The Touch of Human Hands.

Among the hills of Galilee,
Through crowded city ways,
The Christ of God went forth to heal
And bless in olden days.
The sinning and the sad of heart
In anxious throngs were massed
To catch the great Physician's eye
And touch him as He passed.

We have not in our hours of need
His seamless garment pressed,
Nor felt his tender human hand
On us in blessing rest;
Yet still in crowded city streets
The Christ goes forth again,
Whenever touch of human hand
Bespeaks good will to men.

Whenever man his brother man
Upholds in helpfulness,
Whenever strong and tender clasp
A lonely heart doth bless,
The Christ of God is answering
A stricken world's demands,
And leading back a wandering race
By touch of human hands,

—*Exchange.*

MOUNTAIN DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION. STUDENTS AT BEREA.

This group of fifteen mountain girls all descended from Revolutionary soldiers, and one a great-great-grand daughter of a signer of the Declaration of Independence—might of itself show the distinction between the "poor whites" of the South and the sturdy, loyal mountain people for whom Berea especially seeks aid. These are the "people who owned land, but did not own slaves." Who is to blame that fifty or more young women have not had this advantage?

ent month, nor the name of the day of the week.

Who would think it possible to find such people in our land? And yet the missionaries of the American Missionary Society working among the mountaineers of Virginia, Tennessee, and Georgia, find them by the scores and by hundreds.—*Missionary Guardian.*

"The work of Berea College is for whites of British descent and of sturdiest Americanism, who have been cut off from the march of progress which their race has made, through no fault of their own. The discovery of the extent of the needs of the Anglo-Saxon mountaineers as made by Dr. Wililam Goodell Frost, the present President of Berea, at about the time the novels of Miss Murfee established the mountain country in American literature. These novels, however, emphazised the disabilities rather than the possibilities of the mountaineer. The development of these possibilities has been left to Berea College, and President Frost has brought the work and its importance effectively before the country and made it national rather than local."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Heroism on the Frontier.

THE little town in the far West was sixty miles from a railroad. The two hundred buildings, including stores, shops, even the schoolhouse and the little church, were all the same dull gray, weather-beaten color, wholly innocent of paint. Although the village had been in existence at least twenty-five years, not a tree of any size was to be seen, and during the long summer days the children played in the hot sun till their little faces and hands were almost as brown as those of the Indians who lived near by. The hot winds blew the sand in clouds down the streets in summer, and the cold winds the snow and sleet in winter.

It was into this town that a young minister came bringing his bride one late afternoon in the autumn. The son of a minister, he had been trained in self-sacrifice, and when the call came from a presiding elder who was a friend of his father's asking definitely for the young man who had finished his studies and was ready to enter upon his work, he confessed to his father that for many months he had been burdened with a sense of the needs of the great Western country. "And now," said he, "that the call has come, can I draw back?" Four weeks later found him and his bride approaching the frontier town which was to be their home, in a great lumbering stage. There had been a week's travel across the continent, over mountains and through valleys, supplemented by sixty miles of stage riding, and the end of the long journey was now at hand. The young man took the hand of his bride in his own and silently breathed a prayer for help as he looked out upon the desolate little community.

He had scarcely stepped to the ground when his hand was grasped and a hearty voice said: "No need to tell me you are a new preacher. The elder sent me word you were coming, and I thought I'd better just happen around and shake hands. My name is Dwight Hopkins. I reckon if you knew how glad I am to see you both you would be a little glad to be here."

He was a big fellow, perhaps forty years of age, and in his slouch hat and trousers tucked inside his boot-tops looked like a typical Westerner. His team was at hand, and he explained that he did not live in the "city", just a little in the suburbs. "Here is our church," he said, as they came near the small building, I guess it will hold you two people."

He sprang lightly to the ground, kissed

the little woman who had hurried out to meet him, and, turning to the preacher, said: "This is wife, Mr. Preacher, and I'll just tell you she's the whole business. You wouldn't be here now, for there wouldn't be any church or anything else, if it hadn't been for her."

The little woman shook the minister's hand, and then threw her arms around the young woman's neck and actually cried for joy. The preacher's wife cried, too, at the unexpected welcome, and from that moment the two were ardent friends. "O, I am so glad you came," she whispered as they walked into the house. "I was afraid maybe there wouldn't be any wife!"

It was not a large house, and bore little resemblance to the Eastern home she had left, but when she looked about the clean and comfortable sitting-room, and was shown the parsonage room, she sat down in the little rocking-chair with a feeling of great content which she had not expected to have. There were several children, healthy, well-behaved, and full of interest in the new preacher and his wife.

As soon as the host heard the blessing offered by the new preacher he was satisfied that he would "do." Family worship followed, conducted by the host, and the preacher thought he had seldom heard so earnest and eloquent a prayer. The frontiersman thanked the Lord for the early home training, for Christian parents, the unspeakable privileges of being a disciple of Christ. Then he brought the little village with its half-dozen professing Christians before his Lord, and gave thanks for the coming of the preacher and wife. If these had hitherto looked upon their coming as a sacrifice, they did so no longer, and the preacher said to himself, "Here in this lonely, great West is a modern Elijah."

The first Sabbath was not an easy one after the simple, earnest sermon the people crowded about him to welcome him to their midst.

A few weeks later the preacher was talking matters over with his wife and seeking her council. He said: "It is evident that these people will not be able to pay much money this year. We have enough clothing for the present, and thus far our living expenses are provided for, but I do not see how I'm going to carry on my Conference studies without more books. Then, too, I need them to help me in my sermons. This church and community demand all I can possibly give them. We are building for the future."

The young wife smiled and presently replied: "I wonder if I ever told you about our Queen Esther Circle at home. We had a lovely home missionary society. I helped to pack a box last winter to send to a minister on the frontier. How little I thought then that so soon I would be a frontier minister's wife. Now, I wonder if that society would not be glad to help us in our work here. I feel sure they would."

When the presiding elder came later to hold the first quarterly meeting the minister told him what his wife had suggested. "A good idea, my brother," said the elder. "I know a great deal about what this society is doing for our ministers, and I will write at once to the supply secretary and ask her to send my application to your home church."

A few weeks later a letter came inclosing a check for twenty-five dollars for books. The letter was written by the president of the Queen Esther Circle, and she asked that they would tell them frankly some of their needs, as they wanted to do still more for these friends. Said she, "We are so proud and happy that one of our members is a missionary, and we shall consider it a great pleasure to help you in your work."

The minister's wife laid the letter down after reading it, and said: "I wonder what those girls would think if they knew we had only a piece of a tablecloth and had to borrow a pitcher and tumbler for our communion service. To be sure, we are not so badly off as the church that had to use the bottle the wine came in

and a tea cup, but I am pretty sure they would help us to get a communion service. I will write and tell them that for our quarterly meeting the presiding elder brings his baby organ with him, and, of course, that is a great help to us in our singing."

The young preacher looked thoughtfully at his wife, and suddenly remarked: "God make me worthy of such a helpmate! I should have gone back long ago had it not been for your sympathy and devotion to the work; indeed, I am afraid I could not have come into this wilderness without you."

. . . . . .

"All young ladies invited. Important business," was the notice on the bulletin board in an Eastern church. It was the Queen Esther Circle and the "important business" excited much curiosity.

"I don't think I will go," said Jennie Blake to her friend Margaret Johnson at the close of the service. "Why not? You're a member, and you said you'd go to the next meeting."

"Well, what do you suppose this important business is?" asked Jennie.

"O, I don't know, but you may be sure Josie Boyd has something on hand. I never saw such a girl. She makes a splendid president. I'll call for you anyway."

Well, I suppose I'll have to go if you call. I hate to go to Ada Blessing's house, of all places. You know I am not in her set. I used to think she was dreadfully stuck up riding around in that fine carriage. What do you suppose those diamonds cost that she wears??"

"O, I'm sure I don't know, but I do know she is a Christian girl if there ever was one. She's not a bit proud, and you would say so too if you knew her better."

"Well, I'll go this time, but I don't care much about missionary meetings.'

Tuesday evening found the girls at the Circle meeting. As the bevy of bright, happy young ladies assembled that evening an outsider would not have imagined that a missionary meeting was a solemn thing.

But when the president called the meeting to order all became earnest and serious to outward appearance at least. One of the girls led the devotional exercises in a devout spirit, and said, "Let us have a good many sentence prayers for ourselves and for the work of the society."

After the regular business the president said; "The other day I received a letter from our dear girl missionary in the far West, acknowledging the check we sent them for books. When I sent the letter I wrote as interesting a letter as I could, telling her about our meetings and everythng I thought she would like to know. Then I asked her to write me if there was anything more we girls could do to help them. Well, I have her answer here, and I tell you girls, I've thought a good deal about it since I read it. To think that Mary Black, that dear girl accustomed to all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life, should be out there enduring such privations so cheerfully for the Master's sake made me feel pretty small. I have been wondering what God has been thinking about us all! Here we are, surrounded by congenial friends, with every comfort, and giving one evening a month, some of us not that much, and a dollar or two for missionary work each year. Perhaps we've been so small about it all that God has not even thought of us at all. I will only just add that with his help I am going to give him better service in the future." She opened the letter and read:

"MY DEAR JOSIE:—You can never know how much good your letter did us two lone people out here in the Western wilds. You should have heard John's expressions of gratitude. They were more forcible than elegant, for though John is a minister he is only a boy after all, and has to throw off the official dignity sometimes.

"Thank you a thousand times for the check. John has his lists of his books all made out and he is radiant over it.

"In the first place, I want you to dismiss from your mind forever the idea that I am making a martyr of myself. I am having just the best time of my life. The peace and joy and perfect happiness in my soul is a perpetual surprise to me. I had no idea that God had so much in store for me. What I have given up for my Saviour is absolutely nothing in return for what he is constantly giving to me.

"John and I go out among the people a great deal. We always go on horseback, and how glad I was that I could ride. My pony is named 'Calico'. She looks like a circus horse, is very nervous, but very kind, and I really enjoy my rides over these hills and valleys. We were gone all the week on our last trip. People from twenty-five miles distant sent for us. Their little boy, ten years old, had been sick a long time with spinal trouble,

and his mother told me that he had never seen a minister in his life. Her husband died not a Christian, but she was a Methodist away back East when she was a girl. When she heard there was a minister in Yeddo she could not rest till he came to baptize her little boy. She seems to be trying hard to be a Christian and bring up her children right. When I asked her if her children had ever been to Sabbath-school, the tears came to her eyes. 'You wouldn't call it a Sabbath-school,' said she, 'but I have done the best I could to make it something like one.'

"We found quite a number of people in that neighborhood who had formerly been connected with some church. John promised to come and preach for them soon. The mother of the sick boy told me she had not been off their ranch in five years. Just think what a lonely life!

I told John I was going to tell you that we have no communion set. At our last service a woman living near the church brought a piece of a table-cloth and a pitcher and a tumbler. Then we do need some kind of a musical instrument, but I must not frighten you with my requests. I only wish all the dear girls in the Circle might know the blessedness of working for such people as these. Give them my love, and tell them I can think of no happier lot for them than to marry Methodist preachers and live on the frontier."

Lovingly yours,

MARY."

When the president ceased reading something very like a sob was heard from one corner of the room ,and Jennie Blake suddenly arose. "Girls," she said, "I didn't want to come to this meeting. I have wandered very far away from God. My life has been very poor and useless, but this letter has brought me to my senses . Forgive me for my lack of interest. Hereafter you can depend upon active service. If she can give herself I can not do less than try to help in this pleasant corner of the world." There was a pause which after a little was broken by the one who had led to devotional service. "It seems to me," said she, "it is time to lay aside our play service and take up this work earnestly. We are not children, we are women, and here is work and responsibility for us. For myself I am going to ask the Lord to blot out my shilly-shallying and help me to start tonight to work for him as though I really meamt it."

To judge by results, the Circle must have said "Amen" and meant it. A dear lady, whose daughter had been a member of the Circle before her death, gladly proposed to pay for a communion set for the little frontier church, so the Queen Esthers at once set about earning money for an organ. It was not all smooth sailing, but before many months had gone by the money had been sent, the organ purchased and in its place doing its blessed work. But that was not all. The fire started in this society spread throughout the city , and even the Conference society felt the warmth of it. Yet after all, the greatest benefit came to the individual members of the Circle in bringing them into closer touch with their divine Master; not only did they do their home missionary work more faithfully, but they became better sisters and daughters in their own homes. They were more faithful to their school classes, and in every way they proved that the inspiration gained that evening had entered into their hearts and lives.—*L W. in Woman's Home Missions.*

Foreign News Budget.

Egypt.

Mrs. L. M . Henry writes from Assiut:

We have been in the mission field fifteen years, in which time we have noticed some changes, some for the better and some for the worse. One change we have been happy to note is the change in the customs of the mourning woman. From mourning two and three years, as was their custom, and putting indigo on their faces and bare feet, and mud on their head coverings and front of their dresses, they now leave off the indigo and mud and mourn only two to six weeks, and the younger women

come out to church after six weeks or three months. Even the Coptic priests are forbiding the women to mourn and have been known to order the mournings stopped after four days, driving the mourning women out of the houses. One of our church-members, after the death of three children, would not let a women enter his house who came to mourn with his wife; only those that came to read and pray with her were admitted, and when it was necessary for him to leave the house he locked the door and put the key in his pocket.

Heretofore the men have always made the excuse they could not control the women in these customs, but we see that when they wish to control them they can have great influence over them.

We hear from a great many of our pastors reports of many coming into the churches. These give us encouragement, for many prayers have been going up to the throne the past year for a revival, and we begin to see signs of the Spirit working. At the hospital here we have been able to secure the services of Rev. Moosa as chaplain. We believe his coming is in answer to prayer and therefore expect a blessing from his labor among the sick and afflicted.

Mary A. Work writes from Pressly Memorial Institute, Assiut:

Our hearts go out in gratitude to God, that he is restoring to health one of our dear ones, Miss May Alexander, who underwent an operation for appendicitis the first of the month.

Dr. Frank Henry, son of Doctor and Mrs. Henry, of Assiut, has returned to Egypt where he is practising the profession of dentistry. His principal station will be Cairo.

Friday, March 17, our schools were closed in memory of Mrs. Jessie (Hogg) McClenahan, who spent the best sixteen years of her life in the interest of the girls and women of Assiut. Her remains were brought here at this time because the law of the country did not allow this to be done for one year after her death. The native friends took charge of the arrangements, insisting that she must rest near the scene of her labors. Very appropriate exercises were conducted at the cemetery, where she was laid beside her father and other members of her family who have gone before. Precious is her memory to us all and to a great host of native friends who knew her and loved her dearly.

From Cairo Miss Marion A. Paden writes as follows:

Since last month I have been roaming a bit. Father and mother are here, and the missionaries have been so good about letting me accompany them to the different stations. We spent a Sabbath each in Assiut and Luxor. In Assiut we went to the town church in the morning and to Sabbath school at the college in the afternoon. It was so good to see the large audience of attentive, reverent hearers. The pastor, Mr. Maawad, gave an earnest sermon, and it was a pleasure to visit him and his wife in their home. The latter has spent several years in America.

The College and Pressly Memorial Institute are always full of interest even to the casual traveler, but still more so to the one who goes seeking to learn the secret of the good discipline, the careful training, and the Christian character seen in the students of these institutions. Graduates and undergraduates are teaching in our own schools and in the Coptic schools; are in government positions and are pastors or business men. Will you pray for all these that the seed sown may bring forth much fruit in their lives? One of our home pastors, in speaking of the college, said, "Doctor Alexander is just the man for the place."

The hospital, too, is as busy as usual and will soon be at its height for work. In the time of greatest heat, these workers must go on working, for the summer season is the busiest for the medical department. This medical work is a new branch in Luxor, and it is a long-needed work. Not only the doctor is needed, but nursing, too. One of the schoolgirls had the typhoid fever in her own home. Doctor Pollock gave nourishment and medicine when he made his morning call. Then Mrs. Pollock went over in the course of the day and did the same, repeating her visit, if Miss Buchanan could not come in for a like service. The girl did nicely; so the doctor ordered a soft-boiled egg. Her friends gave her two, and then had her sit up awhile, as the general verdict was she would never get strong lying in bed. Hemorrhages set in, and the girl soon died. And how many there are like her!

A visit to the new school was such a pleasure, the work going steadily on, even in the midst of building.

A flying trip to Assouan was full of interest, and it was good to visit a wealthy home where the head of the house has prayers with his family and asks a blessing at the table, while the little girl (perhaps four) has learned to pray.

A trip of this sort quickens faith to pray for those under one's own care, when such effects are seen in the lives of others. God is blessing us, let us trust.

Mrs. H.. Harvey writes from Cairo March 5th:

Of all the hundreds, and even thousands, of tourists who visit Cairo every year, only a very few find their way to the American United Presbyterian Mission. A lady said to me last week, "They are too busy sight-seeing to hunt up missionaries." It seems very strange to us that Christian people can see all these people on the streets and never care to ask if anything is being done for them.

A few years ago there was a party of twenty-seven members in Cairo. They all left after seeing the sights, but three. These three called to see us, and spoke of being in Jerusalem. I asked who they had seen of the workers there, and they said: "Workers! we did not know that there were any workers there. I have heard it said that many so-called Christians, learn their Christianity on the other side of the sea."

But we have a few noble ones, whose interest extends to their pocketbooks. Two leaders

of our own church, but who have been abroad for year, wished to see our work in all its branches, and then gave to hospital and schools over five hundred dollars. They did not do it blindly, but after seeing the work and its needs gave willingly and liberally; and we are sure that their own souls will receive a blessing.

The meeting of the Association is over and all agree that it was a very pleasant one. The prayers offered were most earnest and we cannot but feel that the coming year will be a good one. In one congregation since the first of the year over fifty persons have been received and many more have applied for church-membership. Over eight hundred men received last year on profession. There were over three thousand Muslim children in our schools and nine Muslim men baptized in profession of their faith in Jesus as their Savior.

We have great reason to thank God and take courage and trust him for the future, knowing that all will be well.

Mrs. R. M. Hart writes from Zagazig:

Some time has passed since I have sent a message to the readers of the Magazine. The sameness of the home duties and of school life makes one feel that there is little to tell about. However we have had delightful weather almost all of this winter; also we are thankful for improved health in the home and for encouragement in our school work. This month's enrollment shows the highest number that we have had in the girls school and the boys is quite full also.

Although the daily routine of the work makes it seem rather monotonous, it is by no means dull, for questions are constantly coming up which need study, patience, and wisdom to answer. Then, too, the Prince of this world is ever alert in our corner, and we seem to be always expecting new developments in his business.

We were very sorry to say good-bye to our evangelist to-day. He has been with us for a year and a half and has done good work. As was his custom of Thursday mornings, he led our women's prayer-meeting to-day. The women loved to hear him and they wept sadly over his departure. One said, "He never knows rich or poor," meaning that he treated every one alike. We feel that it is rather bad to loose the one that we had and not have any at all for three months. Satan will surely have time to get in some of his work during this time. May God forbid it.

India

Mrs. Lillian Brandon writes from Pasrur, India:

The angel of death has entered our midst once again and taken the first of our young women. Miss Edith Fulton passed away Friday morning, March 30. She had been ill but three weeks with intermittent fever. All was done for her that could be done. Doctor Browne was here all the time, but it was the Lord's will that she should be taken. It is as one of the young ladies said, "It is the first link out of our chain, but it just draws us that much closer."

We just cannot realize that Edith is gone, but she was truly ready. When told that perhaps God was calling her, she said she was willing to go. She sent messages to her loved ones at home, to the Christian women here, and told us not to weep for her. On Sabbath day she asked Mrs. Jones, the Bible woman, to pray for her.

We have been associated with Miss Fulton in the work here in Pasrur for three years and she has been such a good, faithful, and helpful worker, it has been a pleasure to be with her. She was untiring in her efforts to reach the women of the district whom she truly loved. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." She not only administered to the spiritual wants of the women and children, but to the physical as well. During the itinerating season she carried a small chest of simple remedies, with which she relieved many a suffering one, at the same time telling of one who was ready to save them from their sins.

Miss Fulton was strong mentally, spiritually, and physically. Her counsel and advice were well worth seeking and adhering to; her candid opinion, given in a frank, open way, was helpful to all who received it.

Mrs. May. McKelvey writing from Lyallpur, gives a few every-day pictures in the life of your lady missionaries in "districts."

I. Midday, and the heathen women of the village where the mission tents are pitched have "come to hear," or "come to look at you," or "come for medicines." But no matter what their purpose in coming, they will generally listen to our story of the Sin-bearer. Some of them have seen missionaries before, and crowd eagerly in; others have never before looked upon a white woman, and are not quite free from fear, and prefer to remain in the doorway, or just without. But when the missionary commences to sing some psalms, often the fifty-first, in their own Panjabie, the stragglers come in, and the noise and talk of the women, and even the crying of the babies ceases at this new sound, and there is comparative quiet, deep interest, often acquiescence, sometimes sin-conviction and tears. The Word doth not return unto Him void.

More and more crowd in, until the Miss Sahiba folds up the camp-table, lifts the chairs up on the beds, and herself stands, in order—the better—to let the Word be heard by the motley crowd of women and little children who fill the tent to overflowing—women of all kinds, ages, and castes, in their bright-colored garments, but all with the dull sadness of heathen done in their faces. God help them.

II. Sunset, or shortly before. Your missionaries are just returning to the tent from a teaching tour in the near villages, and as their tunetune approaches, they see the crowd of women, and sometimes a few men, waiting about the tent door for medicine. So many

sick, miserable, distressed souls have come—and yet not all, for this and that one begs for help for some dear one at home, and has brought a brass cup, or a little box, or a dirty old tin, or even a scrap of paper or bit of a broken jar in which to carry the medicine to the ailing one. Here they bring a bed, with a poor, old woman on it. Nothing can be done for her, and it is sad to tell her so. There a mother throws back her veil and shows you the little blind girl in her arms. You think "if Jesus were here," and try to tell her about him. But it is often difficult to do more than drop a seed, for the other sufferers are impatient and it is growing late, and some have far to go.

Your heart is full of pity as you minister to their needs. There are some shaking with ague, others weak and spent with fever; many with terribly ailing eyes. There are stubborn old sores, boils, rheumatism, and anything, in truth, from lice to small-pox. And they are so grateful for the little you can do—so grateful that though time presses then, many will come the next day to hear what you have to say as to who is He whom you thus, "in every way," commend unto them. And thus is another niche carved for the feet of him who beareth good tidings.

III. "Moving Day" has dawned, bright and clear, and there is bustle in the very air. It is still dark when the sweet morning psalm comes floating from the little tents of our Christian helpers, and very soon after that there is packing of boxes, strapping up of bedding, taking down of tents, and loading of all the various parapharnalia upon ox carts or camels. Your missionaries sit in the midst of the confusion, eating their morning lunch—generally a "cold bite"—shaded from the sun by a cart, or an up-turned bed. The inevitable crowd of children, men, and women watches their every motion with interest, and very audible comments, sometimes advancing so near as to interfere somewhat with the enjoyment of the meal. Before it is finished, a group of Christian women come to say good-bye. Then a few last requests for medicine are attended to, and finally the procession of camels, servants, the cow or goat, etc., moves slowly off, en route for the next "center," which may be anywhere from six to twenty miles away.

Then the missionaries clamber into their much-loaded vehicles, and start too; but their progress is not direct, as that of the camels, for usually their road passes through many villages, and a stop is made, and work is done in as many places as your time permits. In some there will be Christians, and the welcome in their faces is often good to see. In others, perhaps, the women flee at sight of a white person. In still others the tumtum containing the Mem Sahiba and the baby is fairly besieged by tall, strong, fantastically dressed "jungly" women screaming out their demands for a sight of the baby—a white baby!

Mrs. A. M. Caldwell writes from Sangler Hill:

Sometimes the treat is gladdened and weariness forgotten at great interest manifested in a hitherto unawakened quarter, or by the discovery of a little Christian community hertofore unknown; and as the day wears on and, with the rescending sun one comes in sight of our destination, the camels having arrived first, the work of putting up tents is commenced and the remainder of the day is a very busy one until the quiet service with our Christians is at its close.

We are encamped in company with the McKelveys and Misses Spencers and McConnell at a village called Mitranwala in Sangla Hill Mission District.

This is a Mohammedan holiday and all the children of the village are clad in their best clothes and it is a pleasure to see them looking so nice and clean. The change is not only in their clothes, but in their spirits, for since early in the morning they have been busy putting up swings and playing different games and enjoying themselves generally. This is the day that is called Bakhra Id—or Goat Festival. Seventy days before this there is a festival which takes place after the thirty days fast commanded by Mohammed, and this is called Idi Fitar because at this time every Mohammedan must give alms either four pounds of barley or three pounds of wheat as a thank-offering after so many days of fasting.

The day before Bakkra Id is the time on which Mohammedans are suposed to take a journey to Mecca. Those that are far away make a compromise by attending their mosques for the purpose of offering up their prayers. The day following is the day when they kill a goat and have rejoicing and feasting. The supposition is that Abraham was ordered to offer up, according to some Mohammedans, his son Ishmael, and, according to others, his son Isaac, and this day probably commemorates that event. The women have also taken a holiday to-day and have improved the time by coming to the tents and thus have given the ladies in our camp good opportunities for preaching Christ the true sacrifice for sin.

Editorial.

Lift up thine eyes, around about and behold..... Lift up thine eyes around about and see, all these gather themselves together and come to thee.

America as a Mission Field.

If we do not see that the immigrant and the children of the immigrant are raised up most assuredly our own children. and our children's children will be pulled down.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

A republic is the government of the spirit; a republic depends upon the self-control of each member; you can not make a republic out of muscles and prairies and rocky mountains; republics are made of the spirit.—*Sidney Lanier.*

Where are the church's hands to-day, when the greatest opportunity ever brought within the reach of any generation of Christians is just within her grasp? Opportunity for the salvation and shaping of a new world, and of recovering the old races in the old world from the long bondage to death.—*A. J. Gordon, D. D.*

Home Mission problems in America are more complex, more varied, more shifting, more urgent, and more stupendous than in any other Christian land. Tremendous has been the strain during the last forty years. Directly after the war several tasks were simultaneously thrust upon us in the swift expanding West; in the changed status of the Indian; in the emancipation of the Negroes; in opened Mexico and in the unparalleled migration to America. . . Think what it means in a new territory opened for settlement. 200,000 people rush in at the firing of a signal gun, and in a week cities rise as by magic. . . Demands are almost bewildering. . .Where else on earth has there been such stress in Home Mission Work.—*Advance.*

Our civilization does not lack cleverness and culture. Its great need is conscience and character. The root-trouble, in our body politic, is not in wealth, trusts, great aggregations of men and means, but in the characters of the individuals who possess and control these. Many such—sometimes the most clever and influential—have a code of conduct contrary to the principles and precepts of Christianity. The important and essential function of our religion is to develop the moral and spiritual life of the individual. Civilization, after all, is made of men and women and children. As are the individuals, so is the civilization. The gospel of Christ proclaimed faithfully and made effectual in the hearts and lives of those gathered in the Christian churches of the nation is the great hope and only salvation of our civilization.—*January Number of Home Mission Monthly.*

Home Mission Number.

Our Home Mission number is before you. The Magazine Committee take this opportunity to thank its contributors. They were at some disadvantage because of the short time given for preparation. As announced previously it was necessary to change the study of Home Missions to this number. We can not compass the field at one time. We deem this study so important that we urge a large and systematic reading of the literature provided by our Literature Secretary, Miss Elizabeth Caughey.

If the material suggested in our columns for study is procured, few will be ignorant of the missions supported by our Women's Board and under the care of the General Assembly. Our Home Mission Secretary of the Women's Board says:

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"We are not going into the foreign lands as rapidly as we should, so God in His providence is sending many to our shores for His Gospel message."

No comparison to the detriment of either Home or Foreign Missions is ever made by any who are acquainted with both fields. And we can never advocate the work of one to the injury of the other if we have the true conception of missions. The larger the vision of world wide evangelization, the more faithfully will each field be presented in its immediate needs.

On March 30, 1906, at Pasrur, India, at her post of duty, after a few weeks severe illness, Miss Edith Fulton, passed to her eternal home. Most precious tributes of love and appreciation of this good life have been received and in a future number of our Magazine will be given to her many friends of the United Presbyterian church. The loss is very great. Her life and death was beautifully referred to at the General Meeting in Des Moines.

Twenty-third Annual Convention.

The twenty-third Annual Convention of the Women's General Missionary Society was represented by a large delegation from a wide area of the church's territory. The interest manifested in these annual meetings gives assurance of the continued and substantial growth of women's work in missions. To those whose duty it is to provide a program suitable for a representation of the women from all parts of the church, there must be an appreciation of the needs in order to make these meetings the most practical.

The audience gathered for the purpose of hearing the year's report and endorsing the plans for aggressive work should realize the great importance of their place in this meeting. Year by year the women are learning that a true representative of the presbyterial must give incessant attention to the work of the Convention. Yet there is, too often, a disposition to be social at the time and expense of executive business.

The plan adopted at 1904 Convention, for all delegates to bear the expense of the midday and evening meals, during the sessions of the Convention, had a twofold purpose, and should be strictly noted. First, to relieve the burden of a financial outlay in entertainment, thereby encouraging many localities to invite the Convention for their own benefit. The second, but not lesser, purpose is to make it possible for all in the congregation to be in attendance at all the sessions. An audience that feels free to move at will is not realizing much benefit or enjoyment from the program.

Another great responsibility is upon those consenting to a duty on the program Time limit and a voice to carry the message they bring are essential to good attention, and most helpful and inspiring to the presiding officer. We can not afford to lose our own time nor impose on another. For the benefit of the cause represented at much outlay of time, strength and money let us make ready for these meetings and for what they represent; having a time for work, a time for prayer and a time for social enjoyment, that all may bring honor and glory to His name, whose we are and serve.

The anxiety to realize all the years preparation through those chosen to duty is known only to her who has carried like responsibilities. Coming to these meetings at some personal sacrifice and inconvenience, the delegates representing their presbyterials must have much missionary spirit and enthusiasm. Missionary meetings of this character are unlike any other convention held by the women of our church. The executive authority, and the product of a year's work all combine to make this a most important event-

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All the officers of the Convention were in attendance, an unusual experience when we consider the distance separating them by many miles journey. The

President, Mrs. White, had a very trying experience preceding her arduous duty as presiding officer of the Convention. The call to San Francisco, after the misfortune to Rev. H H. Bell, and the witnessing of the dire calamity that no language can portray, gave Mrs. White a large sympathy in the Convention during her effectual, efficient, and patient duties as president.

Mrs. MacDill and Miss Mitchell, vice presidents, are two clever and efficient women adding much credit to the program also making themselves valuable to the Convention during intermission.

One of the most precious privileges to those attending the annual meeting is in making the acquaintance of our missionaries. The Foreign, the Home, the Indian, and the Freedmen missions were represented. Each and every one left a loving remembrance in the hearts of the members of the Des Moines Convention. It is really painful to separate from these. We did not have the opportunity to say to each one how much their presence added to the meeting's purpose and how grateful we are for their happy trust in God. As they return in due time to their duties countless thoughts of love and good will surely follow them.

The year's work as brought before our Annual Convention will be bound in one volume. As far as words and figures can present it will be useful as a neat and convenient reference and for a study. We refer to the annual number that follows the work of the General Meeting. This volume has become necessary to every woman who is interested in the missionary operations of our church. This most convenient and authentic reference for the proceedings of a year's work is laid upon your table at a small cost to you. In behalf of the more intelligent and wider use of this aunnal number we urge for it a place with your literature. Many women in our church do not know the extent of the work being done by the women of the United Presbyterian Church because they neglect the study of our Annual Report. If, during this year, all who receive the July Magazine of 1906, interest their household in its contents, every department will be benefited. If any fail to receive this number, send for it at once.

The Juniors will have another interesting object before them in this year's work. A school-house is to be built for children in the Sudan. These Sudanese will have a substantial brick structure. The offerings of the year from Junior societies will pay for this. *One half a cent a brick* is the way to calculate. How many bricks do you wish to donate to the children's work? Surely we will want a part in this new enterprise.

Thank-offering $34,000

Officers for 1907 are as follows: Mrs. W. R. Baldridge, Des Moines, Ia., president; Mrs. T. B. Turnbull, Philadelphia, 1st vice president; Mrs. J. A. Thompson, Tarkio, Mo., 2nd vice president; place of meeting Topeka, Kan.

A most pleasing episode during the Convention, was that of having our Home Secretary break the ground for a new mission church under the pastorate of Rev. D. W. McQuiston, of Des Moines, was worthy of all the attention given to it. In years to come there will abide the benediction of that beautiful occasion.

The WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MAGAZINE met many friends at the Convention. The committee having the responsibility of this department of our women's work greatly appreciate all that has been said in behalf of the work being done. The sentiment was most encouraging, and to many of the women in attendance is due the increased interest of the past year, shown in the 401 new subscriptions. Notice the same offer made one year ago

holds good now: *For every ten new names*, at sixty cents, one years' subscription, your copy of the Magazine will be sent free. May we not expcet another good year's work as a result of the interest of these and new friends through out the church ?

Two young women have already been elected to go to the foreign fields this fall. Miss Jennie Martin, one of the family of Dr. Samuel Martin, of India, and the third daughter to join her father, will go with her sister, Miss Josephine Martin, Chicago Presbytery providing salary. Also Miss Hannah Caroline McLean, of Carnegie, a young girl, will go to the Sudan to teach the Sudanese children. M. E. M.

Foot Notes.

The opening address, delivered by the President, Mrs. W. P. White, was most practical and helpful. Her theme was, "The Keys of the Kingdom," and she emphasized the responsibility of Christians , since the keys, the Word of God, prayer and the testimony of a consecrated life have been committed to their keeping.

The after dinner thoughts, by which the attention of the delegates was tuned to true Christian sociability in the home, formed a pleasant feature of the program. Mrs. N. L. Wallace, Secretary of the Young Women's Work, illustrated the importance of this department of the work by a word picture showing the world lying in darkness and the doors of opportunity that are opening for the young women to enter, bearing the gospel to dispel the darkness. She gave the following as a key-thought for the year:

"Only one life, it will soon be past,
Only what is done for Christ will last."

The Women's General Missionary Society has purchased a lot in the Sudan on which to erect a building to be used as a girls' boarding school, and the special for the Juniors this year, as has been stated, is to supply the bricks, which 325,000 in number will make the cost one half a cent a brick. This is a work in which the Juniors will certainly be interested.

Des Moines has the honor of originating a Junior yell, as follows:

"Say, my chum have you seen
Second Timothy 2:15?
First Thessalonians 5:22?
Will tell you exactly what to do."

And the Juniors at the rally gave it with a vim that indicated that they will be workmen that need not be ashamed.

S. J. R.

Des Moines was voiced by one to be "an ideal place for the Covention." Even the letter boxes follow us on wheels to be on hand when needed, which is just a little ahead of anything we have in the East."

"Say Missus what does it cost to get in?" A little newsboy on the streets of Los Angeles, seeing Miss Torrance giving a card to another boy, ran eagerly forward. She put one in his outstretched hand and told him of the new mission Sabbath-school. What did it cost to get in? We would discover if we could follow Miss Torrance from door to door as she gives the message to those who will listen, sometimes meeting rebuffs and cold indifference, yet patiently, lovingly, persisting until she is able to gather these little ones into a mission class. The faithful city missionaries enter into the fellowship of the Saviour's sufferings —what it cost Him to get in, and we know these lonely toilers will receive manifestly more from the Lord in this life, and abundant rest in the life everlasting.

"Which would you rather be?" Among the good things in Mrs. Wallace's address to our young women we note one timely important question: "On the last day of final reckoning, which would you rather be, one of those to whom the word has never been given, or one who has received the word, but has never told it to others."

"Miss Campbell's Indian Boys" were among the interesting features of the

Convention. Looking into their faces as they played their first selection from the Bible Songs I seemed to hear again the voice of one of our Indian elders from the Warm Spring Mission as he explained the words of that psalm to the little group before him. We looked into the hearts of these boys while Miss Campbell told us something of their history, sin, crime, faithfully protrayed, and yet the Lord was using them in their halting way to speak to our hearts; and we believe, with their faithful teacher, that they will one day be messengers of the Word *to their own people.*

"The Woman with the Spade." There was considerable speculation as to the pur pose of this beautiful decorated implement, which occupied such a prominent place on the platform; but later a large party of delegates, piloted by Rev. D. W. McQuiston, rode out to the northeastern part of the city, and "the shovel" went too. The objective point was the site of the new Elmwood church, and when the spade was placed in Mrs. Campbell's hands she reverently broke the sod on the spot where the corner-stone will find its place, and with earnest word and prayer she devoted the future church to the Lord's service.

"Kansas' turn next" The good women of our Sunflower state will look forward expectantly to our next May meeting, and they will not be disappointed. Neither will the delegates, and we bespeak for the Convention of 1907 the same earnest, helpful, harmonious spirit which pervaded our session at Des Moines.

J. C. A.

Miss Sarah J. Reid

Elected Editor of Young Women's Department,

The Committee of the WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MAGAZINE has the pleasure of introducing, Miss Sarah J. Reid, newly elected member to the Magazine.

Miss Reid comes to this work with many qualifications, fitting her well for the responsibilities. She will assume the editorial management of the Young Women's department relieving Mrs. H. C. Dean of this exacting duty, allowing her to devote her time to the preparation of the "Study for the Month," a feature of the Magazine work that has become very popular, and quite necessary in its aid to increasing the number of women and young women studying missions systematically. Mrs. Dean will also perform the duties of Secretary.

We trust for divine guidance in all the departments, and also hope to be in sympathetic relations to all through the large constituency so encouragingly provided in the subscription list. Address, Miss Sarah J. Reid, R. D. 5, Springfield, O.

New Training Class for Nurses.

During the month of June another class in the nurses' training class of Columbia Hospital will be begun, Both men and girls will be admitted at this time and it is desired to have all applications in as soon as possible. Any information concerning the course can be had from Mrs. George Sands, 218 Dithridge St., Pittsburg, Pa.

The Domestic Committee of the hospital reports a scarcity of infants' clothing. Any articles of clothing in this department are requested as donations. They must be very plain and can be sent directly to Columbia Hospital, Penn Ave., & West St., Wilkinsburg Station, Pittsburg, Pa.

To Vote on Smoot on Friday.

The Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections has set Friday, June 1st, as the day for its final vote on the proposal to vacate the seat occupied by the Mormon Apostle Smoot. There will be a report in favor of expulsion or exclusion if any one of the following uncertain Senators can be persuaded to join Senator Burrows and the Democratic members of the Committee in such a report: P. C. Knox, A. J. Hopkins, J. P. Dolliver, W. P.

Dillingham. A. J. Beveridge, J. B. Foraker. Any of these Republicans can save the country, the Senate and the party from the shame of condoning the adultery, lawlessness and treason which has been perpetrated by the hierarchy of which Mr. Smoot had remained a chieftain since these offenses were fully confessed. The jury of the people has read the confession and should send its emphatic verdict. The great petitions gathered by the women are being held back as heavy artillery to follow up the report. What is needed now is an infantry volley of brief, courteous letters, and a sharpshooters fire of telegrams and a cavalry charge of deputations.

It is a bad case of politics. It is assumed that the Mormon vote would resent even an act of justice, but that the ten millions of Christian voters would not mind a slap. Are the revolts of Pennsylvania and Ohio as soon forgotten.?

Plague is very bad at Gujranwala. Mr. Porter reports the schools closed. There were 36 deaths one day, and there have been 25 a day for some time. There are few recoveries this time and all are bubonic. It is also bad at Wozirabad. Later word is that plague in Sialkot is very bad just now.

Rev. W. T. Anderson writes from India the following concerning the reports of Christian Training Institute meetings:

"We have had very good meetings; many prayers. Eighteen connected with the church and fifteen were deferred as being yet too small. The spirit of the boys seems good. W. J. Brandon reports that he has baptized 140 adults and 175 children since the beginning of the year. They have more inquirers under instruction than for several years before.

"From Jhelum comes encouraging word as to Katas-mela. The opportunities for preaching and teaching are good. Almost 400 gospels were sold when the supply gave out. Altogether Rs. 35 worth of books were sold. A well attended prayer-meeting is being held each evening in the Jhelum church."

Miss McCullough asks for prayers for the new converts of the villages, especially at this time when workers are away at summer schools and the plague is so bad.

SIALKOT CONVENTION AUGUST 12-22. LET THE WHOLE CHURCH ENGAGE IN PRAYER FOR A GREAT BLESSING UPON THESE MEETINGS.

JUNE —HOME MISSIONS.

1. What the women of the Church have done for Home Missions supplementary to the General Assembly plans.
2. Problems which the home missionary meets not common to the experience of the pastor of self-supporting congregations.
3. The field open to our Church to establish foreign missions in our home land.
4. The Mormons—Methods pursued by these missionaries; what results?
5. The Mountaineers—What is the work undertaken by our Church among these "Kinsfolk of the Covenanters"?

Thank-offering.

A Bible Book Mark for You or Why I Give a Daily Thank-offering.

BY BELLE BROWN CLOKEY.

It is only a little book mark,
A thought that was born of prayer;
But may it go on its mission
Here, there and everywhere,

As it rests within the pages,
Of God's most holy word,
May it speak to hearts so plainly
That its message will be heard.

A message of God's kindness,
Surrounding our lives always,
A message to us of our duty
To return Him our thanks day by day.

Each day that Heaven's glory
Shines on our pathway bright,
Should find us ever eager
To send afar the light.

Each day that's full of music
So glad and sweet and strong
Should find us ever longing
To fill the world with song

And even days of darkness
Should bring a gift each morn
To send to all the gospel
Which comforts those who mourn.

May many glad thank-offerings
From loyal grateful hearts,
Fill each day with the glory
That love to God imparts.

Important Notice.

The Bible Book Marks are rapidly winning their way into the hearts and homes of our United Presbyterian church and extending their sweet influence to the Christians of other denominations. Order of Mrs. Mary Clokey Porter, care of J. J. Porter & Co., 920 Penn Ave., Pittsburg, Pa. All orders filled free of cost. Postage 5c per hundred. To other denominations the cost will be 75c per hundred, postpaid.

Report of Thank-offering Bearers' Conferences.

Conferences of Thank-offering bearers were held in the First Church, Des Moines, Iowa, Thursday and Friday morning, May 10 and 11, with Mrs. Mary Clokey Porter, in the chair, and Mrs. S. W. McKelvey, Secretary.

After interesting and enthusiastic discussions were held pertaining to the contributions and Thank-offerings of societies, the following recommendations were read and afterward fully endorsed by the Convention.

1—That we recommend to the Women's Board that statistical blanks be prepared for Presbyterial Thank-offering secretaries to send out to congregational Thank-offering secretaries annually for their reports.

2— That special Thank-offering envelopes be provided for the Young Women's Missionary Societies.

3 —That prices of odd-shaped money banks be procured for such Junior societies as may desire to order them for the gathering of their Thank-offering; these to be ordered direct from the firms having them on sale.

4—That societies, as far as possible, take up their Thank-offerings hereafter during the first week of October.

5—That Presbyterial treasurers be instructed to (if possible) send the entire Presbyterial offering in one check to the treasurer of the Women's Board before November twenty-fifth, in order that the offerings may be placed on deposit by December first; and that the interest accruing to the same between December first and the Convention of May 1907 (when the offerings will be reported by the Presbyterial delegates), be used as a contingent fund to help meet the necessary expense of the Thank-offering Department of the Women's General Missionary Society.

6—That the statistical blanks for societies for the coming year contain two columns for the Thank-offering annual reports of 1906 and 1907.

A Thank-offering Message.

A Parting Scene Two Thousand Years Ago.

What Does It Mean to You?

When Christ and His disciples were parting one from the other, He to return to His heavenly home, and they to scatter abroad and carry on His work, Christ's last words were, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." No longer were the restricted walls of the Old Testament church to be left unbroken.

Christ Himself in establishing the New Testament church opened the gates toward the East and the West; toward the North and the South; and invited all peoples of all nations to enter and enjoy the rich gospel blessings. To His disciples He said, "Go ye," teaching them that they were not to be satisfied with giving

the glad tidings of salvation to those who were in and around the city of Jerusalem, but they were to go out and herald the good news to all—the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the bond and the free, the learned and the ignorant, by sea and by land,—"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Said Christ: Pass not by one human being made in the image of God. Amid the snows of Siberia, or the sands of the Sahara, or the islands of the East, or the mountains of the West. search out every man, woman and child as long as there is one unsaved and tell him the old story of Jesus and His love.

Adam's fall involved the entire race in sin, hence the need of making known the Saviour to all mankind. Well has Paul said: "How shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed, and how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard, and how shall they hear without a preacher? "No one can accept what he does not know. Yet every human being has a right to know and he has a just claim upon those who already know the Saviour. To all who know of Christ, He gives the heralds commission, "Go ye, into all the world."

Two thousand years ago, "Into all the world" meant for the disciples a very limited horizon. Not so to the twentieth century disciples. To them "all the world" means every new region opened up by explorers and missionaries and merchants, and every spot on the face of the globe that holds even one human being. Everywhere that sin has found an entrance there must the gospel be carried by human hands and be spoken by human lips.

But hearken! There is rebellion among Christ's twentieth century Disciples! What do we hear? *I cannot preach*, say many. Cannot preach? Do you know that every waking hour you are in the presence of a fellow being you are preaching to that person the gospel of Jesus or the gospel of the world? Think of it, reader! Every one who comes in touch with your influence is brought nearer heaven each day, or is driven farther from it, and through this influence you are constantly preaching for good or for evil. Which?

Reader, God has made it possible for every follower of Jesus to preach the gospel through his prayers, through his words, through his works and through his gifts and thus help to hasten the time when "the knowledge of the glory of the Lord shall cover the earth even as the waters cover the sea."

Every sincere prayer, every earnest effort, every consecrated gift of yours helps to hasten this time. And alas! Just as true it is that every failure on your part to pray or to do to give, helps to retard the coming of that glorious time. What will be your decision? To hasten or retard.

MRS. MARY CLOKEY PORTER,
Thank-offering Secretary.

From Month to Month.

Board of Directors.

REGULAR MEETING.

Regular meeting of the Board was held April 3d, the President leading the devotional exercises; prayer by Mrs. E. M. Hill.

Miss Sarah J. Reid, of Springfield, Ohio, was elected to fill a vacancy on the Magazine Committee.

The Woman' National Sabbath Alliance presented a protest against arrangements with railroads for concessions made so as to involve Sabbath traveling on the part of many delegates. The protest was endorsed.

Treasurer reported receipts for March, $8,259.84, including $913.85 Thank-offering.

Junior Secretary reported five new life members and one new society during the month.

Miss Hannah C. McLean was recommended to the Foreign Board for appointment to the Sudan, to go out in the fall of 1906.

Foreign Secretary reported estimate for the foreign work for 1906-07. The last payment on the additional ground for Tanta was ordered paid.

Secretary of Young Women's Work reported two new societies.

The Home, Freedmen's and Parsonage Secretaries made statements in regard to the work in their departments.

SPECIAL SESSION.

April 11th—The Board with a committee from the Foreign Board met in conference and after adjournment of the conference the Women's Board met in special session and appointed Mrs John A. Wilson to take charge of the statistical work of the Junior department, owing to the illness of the Junior Secretary.

The Railroad Secretary reported rates and routes to the Des Moines Convention which were approved.

REGULAR MEETING.

April 17th—The semi-monthly meeting was opened with the usual devotional exercises, Mrs. N. L. Wallace leading in prayer.

The Treasurer reported receipts to date during April, $20,360.90; disbursements, $11,271.41.

The plans for the Robinson Memorial Infirmary at Miller's Ferry, Ala., were approved with a few changes. The bid for enlarging the Mary Carson Memorial also approved. Several grants were made in the department of Ministerial Relief.

Miss Cora McMillan was recommended to the Foreign Board for appointment to the Sudan. Mrs. J. B. Hill and Mrs. N. Wylie Stevenson were appointed delegates to the General Assembly at Richmond, Ind., May 23—31.

Aril 24th—A special meeting of the Board was held . The Secretary of the Home for Missionaries Children reported that it would be necessary to make some changes in the location of the Home and Mrs. M. W. and M. C. Porter were appointed a committee to arrange the details.

Railroad Secretary reported the arrange ments for transportation to the Convention. The printing of the Annual Report was given to Marshall & Beveridge, of Xenia, O. The delegates to the Interdenominational Conference of Women's Boards of Foreign Missions in United States and Canada, reported . Mrs. Mary C. Porter gave a full and interesting report of the general meeting and Mrs. Annie R. Herron reported the Conference of Foreign Secretaries. The United Presbyterian Board is to be represented on the Committee of Summer Schools in the Middle West.

REGULAR MEETING.

The regular meeting of the Board was held May 1st, the President presiding and conducting devotional exercises; prayer by Mrs. Wallace.

It was reported that the Junior Secretary was too ill to attend the Convention at Des Moines, and Mrs. John A. Wilson was appointed to go in her place. Mrs. M. C. Porter was appointed alternate for Mrs. Stevenson to the General Assembly.

Treasurer gave her annual report, which was adopted, and five hundred copies ordered printed for distribution at the Convention.

Mrs. E. M. Hill read a letter officially announcing the death of Miss Edith M. Fulton, Pasrur, India, March 30th, of fever. The application of West Allis, Wis., for parsonage loan was granted. Application of Long Beach, Cal., parsonage loan was granted. Mrs. Nease and Mrs. Herron were appointed to audit finance committee's report.

Recording Secretary read her annual report which was approved. Mrs. Herron, Mrs. M. C. Porter and Mrs. Campbell were appointed a committee from the Home Board with reference to work among the mountain whites.

MRS. SAMUEL YOURD.

In Memoriam.

The Missionary Society of Plain Grove, Pa., United Presbyterian Church, have been bereft of five of its members during the last year, Mrs. Clara Totten, Mrs. Clara Elliott, Mrs. Jane Magee, Mrs. John Thompson, and Mrs. Jennie Sproull. Our hearts are sad but we have the hope of a blessed meeting in the great beyond.

COMMITTEE.

Mrs. Catherine Hammond.

The Woman's Missionary Society of the Second Church, Pawnee City, Nebraska, desire to testify of the great help that we have received from our beloved member, Mrs. Catherine Hammond.

She lived and communed daily with God. He gave her childlike faith, almost infinite wisdom, endless pleasure in his service, and the ability to convey to us all many of her blessings and God-given experiences. January 9, 1906, he said to her, "It is enough, come inherit thy mansion, put on thy crown, serve in thy heavenly home."

COMMITTEE.

In Memorium.

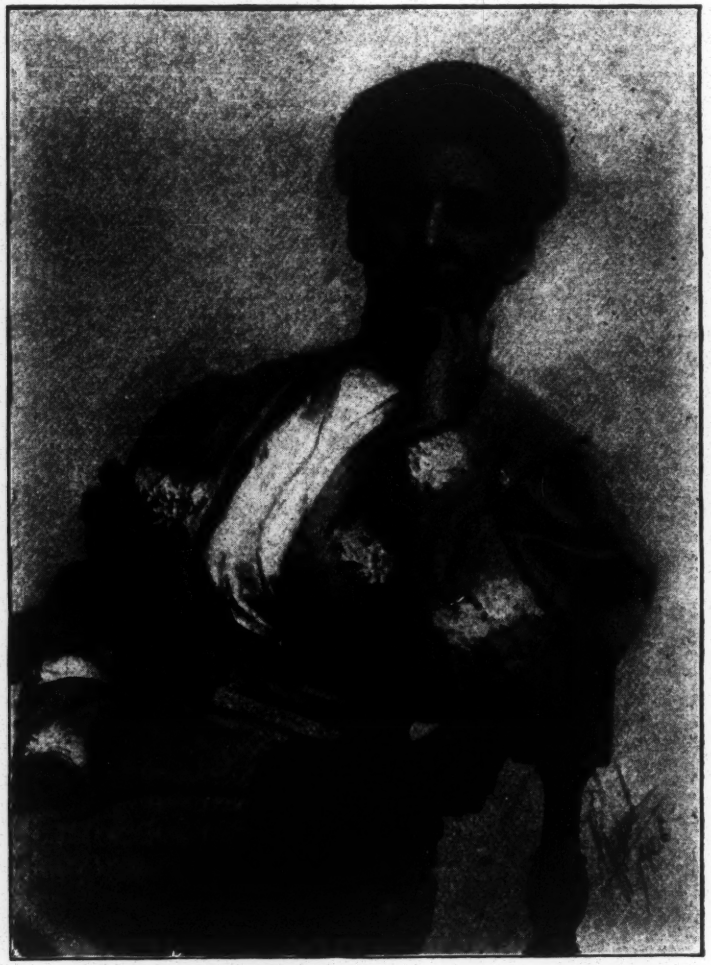
In memorium of a member of the Women's Missionary Society of West Charlton, N. J.

On Sabbath morning, February twenty-fifth, nineteen hundred six, as the church bell was calling us to worship, God called for worship eternal Mrs. George Bell, a devoted friend, a beloved relative, a wise counselor, a Christian.

We extend our sympathy to the bereaved family and commend them to God who alone can give comfort.

MRS. FRANK A. COLLINS,
AGNES HASBROUCK,
Committee.

MRS. EDGAR MACDILL,
Madison, Indiana,
First Vice President.



MRS. W. P. WHITE,
Albany, Oregon,
President W. G. M. S. Convention, 1906.

MISS MARGARET MITCHELL,
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Second Vice President.

OFFICERS OF W. G. M. S. CONVENTION AT DES MOINES 1906.